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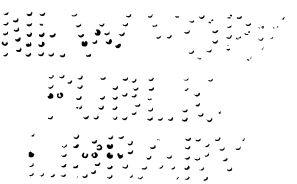
WAYSIDE SONGS.

BY

EDWARD C. GOODWIN,

AUTHOR OF "HAMPTON HEIGHTS."



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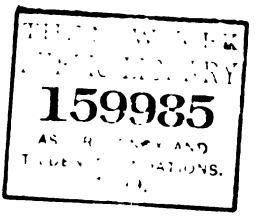

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Preface.

SIMPLE themes of life expressed,
Very homely at the best;
Thoughts which all of us may share,
Flowers which spring up everywhere,
Shadows falling here and there:
Such I've gathered; take the store,
And with kindness turn it o'er,
Read it pleasantly and free,
And the boldness—pardon me.

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Are there no violets near the road-side springing?
No modest daisies by the dusty path?
In lonely lanes no warblers ever singing?
On rock-ribbed hills no truant brooklets' laugh?

Is the highway, where weary manhood wanders,
A toilsome journey, desolate and long?
Where no tired laborer in the evening ponders
O'er rude romance, or roving minstrel's song?

O! there are firesides, poor, but never lonely,
Whose household words are toil, and care, and bread;

Where mothers tell their legends old and homely,
O'er the rude cradle and uncurtained bed.

O! there are souls among our work-worn brothers,
Deep moved by genius, and with thoughts sublime,
Pure-hearted sires, and gentle, loving mothers,
Whose humble virtues shall illumine time.

O! there are graves by children dearly tended,
On barren hills, and wild, unlovely plains,
From whose dark porch angelic forms ascended,
When heaven was vocal with enrapturing strains.

From thoughts like these the soul draws inspiration;
I sing of cottages, and way-side flowers,
Of humble life, and every day's relation,
Hopeful to cheer some weary brother's hours,

Who seeks no friendship with his powerful neighbor,
Who asks no meed beyond his honest due,
Whose hands are hard from years of patient labor,
Whose love is constant, and whose soul is true.

THE FIRST GRAVE IN THE SETTLEMENT.

For many a sunset, o'er a western wild,
His trail was marked, along the lonely pass;
Slow with his wagons, marched the Northland child,
His wheels deep crushing, through the prairie grass.

Day after day, with weary measured pace,
Where Spring with golden bloom had strewed the earth,
The mellow sun smiled in the wanderer's face;
And yet the camp-fire, was his only hearth.

But now, as Summer with her sultry train
And scorching breath, came sweeping o'er the land,
The cattle lolled before the loaded wain;
And the tired sheep went wand'ring from the band.

Their footsore keeper drooped his bushy tail;
With hanging tongue moved slowly round the herd;
Babes from the wagons moaned a plaintive wail,
And discontent in peevish language stirred.

They longed in soul, upon that lonely march,
For some green spot to consecrate as home;
In dreams at night they saw their native larch,
And the long road the weary train had come.

For there were old and hoary-headed men,
And younger ones in the first pride of life,

Matrons and blooming children; and again
The gray-haired grand-dame and the tender wife.

At last they halt, where pure a fountain springs,
Shaded by arms of many a gnarled oak;
And ere dun twilight joyfully there rings
The news, that here the first green sward is broke.

And now while yet, still purpling through the haze,
The sunset strives its blushing cheek to hide,
O'er the white camp, floats soft a song of praise,
Their humble worship at each even tide.

Then one fair girl, that pensively and mute
Moved day by day amid that sunburnt band,
Woke the soft music of her deep-toned lute,
In sweet remembrance of her native land:

"Under the forest-arch, under the pine and larch,
In the Nor'land old:
Under the craggy steeps, where the blue glacier sleeps,
In the Nor'land old:
There does my mother pray, there do my brothers stay,
In the Nor'land old:
O Nor'land, dear Nor'land; no more, no more!"

And as she ceased, a moonbeam pale and cold
Lay on the soft bands of her golden hair,
As when long since in that dear Northland old,
She moved a queen among the village fair.

Soon midnight silence stole along the earth,
In peaceful sleep the lonely camp was bound,
No watchman paced to guard the new-found hearth
Among the daisies of the prairie ground.

Now morning comes, and quick, on every hand,
From tented couch the sturdy pilgrims rise;
And glad walk forth to gaze upon the land,
Green as the fields beneath Italia's skies.

Pleased, the old sires surveyed the landscape's charms;
Their sons moved near them with a thoughtful tread;
Wives wandered forth with children in their arms,
And sunburnt boys their tottering sisters led.

Soft fell the zephyrs on the old man's locks,
Who counseled gravely at the morning meal,
Bleating roamed near the heavy fleeced flocks,
And crowed the red cock from the wagon's wheel.

But now a month has sped its quickened flight,
Green grows the corn, the tall grass is no more,

The watch-dog's bay sounds hoarsely in the night,
And springs the wild rose by the cabin-door.

Months flit them by, and in their wonted tide,
The flail and fan the bearded grain have stirred,
The flocks are shorn, and by the prairie side,
In sunny days the whirring wheel is heard.

A year has gone, and Spring's entrancing charms
Smile sweet once more, and by the household stone
The maiden blushes in her lover's arms;
And free-born children bless the stranger's home.

But ah, the clouds have gathered from afar,
The autumn gust sweeps wailing o'er the earth;
Death has approached them, and the brightest star
Has ceased to beam upon the settler's hearth.

And now the old men gather to select
Some quiet place, and with a mournful tread,
They mark the ground which all will hence respect—
A grave-yard lonely for their sacred dead.

They choose a spot upon that prairie's breast,
Where slanting sunbeams of the morning fall,
And where dark clouds declining to the west,
Shade through the oak-boughs like a funeral pall.

Now from yon cabin where the roses hung,
With measured pace approach the mourning band,
Wreaths of white flowers bespeak that she is young,
Who first has left them for the other land.

"She was a player of soft strains," said one,
On whose white forehead fell the silver hair,
"And sweet to know in this our transient home,
That players upon instruments are there."

Yes, far beyond the blue, ethereal dome,
She sweeps her harp, and plumes her wings of snow;
Forgets her sorrow at her Father's home,
Her secret grief we did not care to know.

Henceforth my tale goes with the passing years,
Where spires spring up, and village bells are heard,
Where o'er smooth roads the farmer goads his steers,
Where busy marts with din and life are stirred.

A city's bound has swept the settler's home;
Has filled the spring his cattle loved to lave,
And lost is all, save yonder moss-grown stone,
That still points out the singer's lonely grave.

To that small yard, now guarded by a wall,
Draw near, and read, for yet the lines are fair:
"We do not fear to yield her to God's call,
For players upon instruments are there."

THE HOME IN NEW ENGLAND.

I LOVE the north; by memory led
  Once more I climb the windy hill,
Once more among the corn I tread,
  And leap the floom beyond the mill.

Along the heights, where deep the ridge
  Was worn by feet that pass no more,
I wander, till beyond the bridge
  The waters at the mill-dam roar.

Where still the ancient chestnut sheds
Round yon low roof, the zephyrs cool,
Among a score of curly heads,
My sister taught the village school.

My sister, freckled with the sun,
And browned by many a passing breeze,
Who wrote me all the news from home,
That came like blossoms from the trees—

With other treasures from her store
Of dear New England's homespun knowledge,
The shirts and stockings that I wore,
Till I had worked my way through college.

There, where the clothes-line's snow-white wealth
Swings o'er the yard from tree to tree,
Her cheeks still warm with rugged health,
My mother's form appears to me.

Mother, the dews of years have dressed
With flowers and grass thy lowly mound,
And Time, about my brow and breast,
His iron chain has firmly wound.

Yet still I see thee when the dawn
Had purpled in the distant east;
Noon brings thy call, the echoing horn,
Inviting to the frugal feast.

The long dim twilights round our home,
The circling bats on silent wing;
Thy clear voice near the threshold stone,
The songs that best we loved to sing,

All now are silent, and the grave
Has closed above thy sailor child,
Who, with long voyages o'er the wave,
Full many a winter's night beguiled.

Where the dark Ganges slowly sweeps
The Indian sands, is Mary's rest;
Close by the mission school she sleeps,
Her low green mound with violets dressed.

No costly pile its record rears
In memory of her humble life;
The spot the traveler marks with tears,
And names the missionary's wife.

And thus, like blossoms from the trees,
The north sows seeds o'er land and sea;
Still, memory, waft thy genial breeze,
And wander o'er the hills with me.

THE HERO OF LUETZEN AND MOSCOW.

Upon the margin of a lake,
With water creeping to its door,
A cottage 'mid tall fern and brake,
Stood on the lonely shore.

Upon his bed one midnight tossed
A war-worn soldier, old and hoary,
Who saw the bridge of Lodi crossed,
And knew of Moscow's story.

The winter sun stole through the pane,
And touched with light his silvered head,
But long before its red beam came,
The veteran was dead.

He died alone, his own loved land
Lay far across the stormy billow;
He died, Napoleon's gift in hand,
And image 'neath his pillow.

We buried him one winter's day:
Beneath New England's soil to rest,
We laid the hero's form away,
With cross upon his breast.

THE TALE OF THE MATCH-BOY.

Sunny it was, a golden day,
  In smiling, leafy June;
Upon the fresh-mown grass we lay,
Or on the rounded heaps of hay,
While near us, through the livelong day,
  The brook trolled o'er its tune.

The maples old outstretched their arms,
  The poplars whispered free;
And while around the bursting barns
The tall grass fell, and brawny arms
Swept wide swarths though the meadow's charms,
  They told this tale to me.

How once a child, who ne'er had seen
A forest, or a shady path,
Resolved to find the wandering stream
That down amid fresh banks of green
Went rippling on, with sparkling sheen,
And babbling noisy laugh.

Soon wavy fields of grass he met,
And wandered slowly through
Green pastures, where the cowslip slept,
And on its breast the diamond kept,
That fairies dropped, who last night swept
O'er it on wheels of dew.

Then a dim forest, gnarled and old,
Its shadows round him laid,
O'er his flushed brow its breath fell cold;
Wild songs above his head were told;

The earth put off its coat of gold,
And donned its cloak of shade.

From gnarled trunk the squirrel fled,
The boughs shook as he swung;
The bee rose off the wild thyme bed,
To thicker gloom the rabbit fled,
The partridge crouched before his tread,
Alone the robin sung.

Beside a cool stream's mossy bank,
At length the boy was seen;
Among the grass and leaves he sank,
Leaned o'er and from the clear wave drank,
Where the green bulrush, tall and rank,
Stood midway in the stream.

Thus till the twilight gathered deep,
His bare feet in the tide,

He watched the silent shadows creep
O'er tangled wood and rocky steep,
And, like the sundown, fell asleep
Upon the streamlet's side.

The midnight passed, and found him there
Pale as the moonlight beam;
The cool breeze waved his tangled hair,
The wild fox wandering from her lair,
Crept by him with a stealthy air,
But wakened not his dream.

The earth was wrapped in midnight shade,
The mist lay on the hill,
When down within that forest glade
The boughs a quivering movement made,
As if a strong wind o'er them swayed,
Then all again was still.

When those tall trees, that summer night,
Moved mournfully and wild,
Up from the greenwood winged its flight,
'Mid a white cloud of angels bright,
Who vanished in the dim star-light,
The spirit of a child.

THE OLD MAID.

Across her wide and pallid brow
Is smoothed the thin brown hair,
And calmly she sits knitting now,
In that old-fashioned chair.

She wears no ornament or cap,
Her eyes are darkest blue,
A plain white apron on her lap,
In folds of spotless hue.

Her feet a rude square footstool press,
She gazes in the fire;
A tear drops down upon her dress;
Alas! what thoughts inspire

That heart so strange, yet kind to all?
That eye serenely bright;
What shadow does this hour recall?
Why weeps she thus to-night?

Her rose-tree has not lost its flower,
Her mignionette its bloom,
The quaint old clock still calls the hour,
And sunset gilds the room.

Ah! Memory, thy deathless light
Restores to her again
The moments of a starless night,
To which no sunrise came!

THE TURNPIKE GATE-KEEPER.

Beyond the bridge, on the old post road,
The keeper's cottage stood,
On a little mound of rising ground,
Fronting a chestnut wood;
But a half-choked well, and a broken bough
Are all that remain for the cottage now.

She was very poor, and with frugal care
Gathered her small supply;
And from early day until evening gray,
Sewed with a steadfast eye;
And travelers passing late at night,
Beheld her there by a single light.

She was all alone, and sought no friends;
And, save on the Sabbath day,
Was seldom seen on the village green,
Or near to the dusty way,
Except by the open gate to stand,
And take the fare from the traveler's hand.

Some summer fruits from the neighboring fields,
By the shattered curb she laid,
And ever there, in the summer air,
The mossy bucket swayed;
And the thirsty steed at noon came near,
And strangers paused for the simple cheer.

The chestnut wood of my school-boy days,
With its roof of varied hue,
Where dark between the woof of green,
Was tangled the warp of blue;

Where winds sighed low, like a minstrel rude,
Chanting the lays of the solitude.

And sometimes here, when the sun was gone,
And the dew dripped off the leaves,
A boy I stood, in the whispering wood,
And gazed on the garnered sheaves
That were scattered about in the twilight's span,
Like the silent tents of a caravan.

And when again my wandering feet
To her lonely door drew nigh,
She would sit alone on the threshold stone,
With her face on the distant sky,
As if she communed with them that kept
Their watch when the babe of Bethlehem slept.

But years are past, and my hairs are gray,
And the widow's grave has long been made;

And the chestnut wood where the cottage stood,
  Gives place to a gleaming glade;
And a half-choked well and a broken bough
Are all that remain for my childhood now.

THOUGHTS.

I AM nothing on earth,
  And O why was I born
To go struggling from birth
  Until death's dreary morn?
To be weary at evening,
  And tearful at dawn?

My mission seems aimless,
  My hopes are defied,
My friendships are nameless,
  My love-dreams denied;
And my tears flow like dew,
  In the cold even tide.

I gaze to the distance,
  Thick the past gathers o'er it,
I live, but existence,
  I live to deplore it,
And I see my lone grave
  With the grass growing o'er it.

I have nothing protected,
  Am by none understood,
My plans are rejected,
  Even those to do good,
And my heart's like a rock
  That the wave has withstood.

I have struggled in vain
  Till my hairs have grown gray,
But life's keenest pain
  Gives no trace of decay,

And the journey seems long
To the end of the day.

I am weary of life;
And yet what have I done,
Thus to pale in the strife,
And to sink overcome,
Ere my heart can exclaim,
Half the combat is won?

I am weary of life:
Am I ready to die?
Can I pass from earth's strife
To the calm of the sky?
May I sit where the angels
Are gathered on high?

Does my mission seem aimless;
Is no brother in pain:

Are man's sorrows too nameless
For me to reclaim:
No sister whose sin
I can tenderly name?

In the years that are dross,
Which I live to deplore,
Have I carried the cross
Which Christ patiently bore,
Till the time when His side
Poured out water and gore?

Have I listened to crying,
The hungry ones fed?
Have I sat with the dying,
Or wept o'er the dead?
Like Him who had never
A place for His head.

Am I weary of life?
  Let the years then to come
Find me harnessed for strife,
  If God's will so is done,
Till I sink down exclaiming,
  The victory's won!

And when in my grave,
  In the fullness of years,
Let some heart come and lave
  The green spot with its tears:
Some heart, that through me
  Has forgotten its fears.

THE FORESHADOWING.

Above this spot, ten years ago,
A mighty forester did grow,
Waving its long arms to and fro.

Beneath this shade, with berries red,
And flowers with many a tufted head,
The virgin earth was carpeted.

Where yonder brook o'er pebbles flows,
Serenely singing as it goes,
There grew, one June, a snow-white rose.

Ten years ago, a maiden fair,
With wealth of wand'ring golden hair,
Was sitting by that rose-tree there.

The old oak waved above her head,
And much in breezy whispers said,
And balmy breath about her shed.

The bee came humming from the thyme,
The oak talked on in pleasant rhyme,
The sweet brook beating measured time.

Then that fair maid, with careless look,
All rudely the poor rose-tree shook,
Till its white leaves fell in the brook.

The old oak that above her swept,
Let fall a drop of dew it kept;
For it was grieved, and so it wept.

Ten years ago that oak-tree heard
Beneath its boughs a faltering word:
What was it that its great heart stirred?

The maiden was not there alone,
And in the music of the tone,
Two voices melted into one.

Four years ago, a woman came,
And by that rose-tree stood again;
A poor bowed form, o'erwhelmed with pain.

Three beauteous children with her stood,
And looked upon the oak-tree good,
And said "it was of royal wood."

Three years ago, beneath that oak,
She came once more, and sadly spoke,
"O now indeed my heart is broke."

Two little children then had she,
That stood there, in the summer free,
And said "it was a mighty tree."

Two years ago, she came once more,
More sorrowful than e'er before,
And O what heavy grief she bore!

One little girl she now had left,
That looked up where a bough was cleft,
And said "the tree had been bereft."

Ten months ago, beside this brook
She came with agony of look:
Death had from her the last bud shook.

And now the brave old oak is gone,
And winds no more the bee its horn
About it in the summer morn.

And this green turf, with berries red,
And flowers, with many a tufted head,
Three little graves have carpeted.

TO EMILY.

Flowers grow every where!
There 's not a solitude of mountain rude
How e'er so wild,
But there some little head,
By dew and sunshine fed,
Has bloomed and smiled.

Where footsteps never pass
Year after year, their forms appear
In varied guise;
Where crop wild wandering herds,
And warble desert birds
'Neath azure skies.

Even the frozen shores
Of northern space, yield sheltering place
Among their caves,
Where from some sunny nook
Sweetly they overlook
The icy waves.

The Father sees them all:
Even those that grow by the white snow
And lonely land:
Not one droops down in death,
Not one e'er blossometh
Without His hand.

Trust Him, my Emily!
Though clouds o'erlay life's shadowy way,
And gather showers:

The sun shall shine once more,
And, the wild tempest o'er,
Behold the flowers.

Have faith like them;
The lily of the fields, that perfume yields,
The waving grass:
Nor fear to cast thine eye
Where the dark waters lie
That all must pass.

THE BLIND GIRL.

I saw a blind girl sitting once
  Beneath a tree alone,
Beside her lay her knitting-work
  Upon a mossy stone,
And she was singing clear and loud
  A happy song of morn,
Of birds among the branches hid,
  And reapers in the corn.

She sang of flowers whose bosoms white,
  Are open to the sun,
She sang of dew-drops on the grass,
  Of webs that spiders spun;

She sang at times a swelling note,
And then a warbled call,
As if she loved the greenwood side,
And knew the flowerets all.

At length she ceased her joyous song,
And sat in pensive way;
Then pleasantly I spoke to her,
"What canst thou know of day?
Thou hast not seen the sunbeams fall,
And when thou art alone,
The night-time, and the day-time, child,
Must be to thee as one."

"Ah, no, sir!" said the girl to me,
"Ah, no, they are not one,
Full well I know of morning time,
And when the noon will come;

Full well I know of even tide,
And of the lonely night,
And when warm shines the pleasant sun,
Although I have no sight.

"The morning has a thousand sounds,
There are birds among the leaves,
And swallows with sweet little ones,
I hear beneath the eaves:
And if I raise my window-sash,
Sweeps in the balmy air,
And falleth lightly on my cheek,
And backward blows my hair.

"I smell the roses down the walk,
I hear the waving grass,
I hear my brothers start for school,
I hear the mowers pass;

And morning has a thousand sounds
That tell the hour to me—
I'm very happy, too, at morn,
Although I can not see.

"When noon-time comes, I know it well,
From cattle in the shade,
That knee-deep in the water stamp
Adown the breezy glade;
And if I'm at the bench of stone,
To hide him from the heat
Old Sailor comes, with panting breath,
And stretches at my feet.

"The oxen, too, with rattling yoke,
Are lowing at the gate,
And, loosed from labor, comes the horse
And whinnies for his mate.

And down the gravel walk I seek
If father I can find,
Who with his kiss makes me forget
The pain of being blind.

"I need no dial's tracing, sir,
To tell of evening gray,
For birds sing ever loudest then,
And flocks slow homeward stray;
I hear the children's merry laugh,
And soon the insects call,
And in the even tide I feel
How good is God to all.

"At evening too, they often read
The tale of Christ to me,
Who healed the men with palsied limbs,
And made the blind ones see;

My heart has then an inward peace,
A calm sweet strength I gain;
I see Him weeping at the tomb,
And walking on the main.

"O do not grieve that I am blind,
Or think I'm often sad,
Because the light of outward things
Has never made me glad;
For deep within my bosom glows
A thought of coming light;
Of all the joy that I shall know,
When God restores my sight."

THE BIG BONY HAND.

And so you don't fancy my big bony fist,
With the impress of labor on sinew and wrist,
And prefer to press one of a delicate hue,
With the pink round the nails, when you say
"how d'ye do."

Ah! give to my heart a hard, horny hand,
With the fingers well knit, and the joints at
command:
Too big and too heavy to case in a glove,
That has fought for its country, its God, and its
love;

If not on the field where the battle is loud,
O'er the crimson-stained turf, that the cannon has plowed,
Where the soldier crawls out from the heaps of the dying,
To be crushed 'neath the heel of the foe that is flying;

Where the riderless steed rushes mad o'er the plain,
With blood-reeking sides, and wild-flowing mane;
And the hawk, and the vulture, black birds of the fight,
Hover over the corpses, awaiting the night;

Where the jackall, and wolf, with poisonous breath,
Gnaw the cheeks not yet cold in the stiffness of death;

Where the dog wanders round, with a piteous moan,
And licks the blue lips that are frozen as stone!

But in the *great combat*, the battle of life,
With its deep clanging hammers and civilized strife,
Or on the grand hills, with their fresh-growing grain,
Where the sound of the reaper comes sweet from the plain!

Where the furrows are deep that the plowman has made,
And the engines of war are the harrow and spade;
Where the farmer sits down in the stillness of even,
And his children chant songs to their Father in heaven;

Where, warm on the hill-side, the brook sings its tune,
And the blue violets grow in the sunshine of June,
Where the soldiers of labor have homes on their lands,
And great open hearts, and big, bony hands!

Yes, madam! that babe that you cradle to rest,
Whose brown, sunny curls wander over your breast,
Whose lip drains the strength of its fountain of life,
Must fight in this combat, bear part in this strife.

And that daughter, whose eyes have drunk deep of the night,
Shall unfold her sweet bloom, like a flower, to the light,

But another may claim her—on a heart that 's unknown
Shall open the rose-bud that grew in thy home.

Be careful, and fancies like these throw aside,
And be glad, when she weareth the wreath of a bride,
If he who is chosen in thy place to stand
Hath a great open heart, and a big bony hand.

I AM GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old, how thoughts rush home
As here, this autumn morn,
I watch the purpling sunrise come
O'er fields of waving corn;
There 's hoar frost sprinkled on the plains,
And leaves are crisped with snow,
And windows of the cottages
Are bathed in molten glow.

An old man 's dying by my side,
And with a feeble strife,
Lo! back and forth, quick ebbs the tide,
The ebbing tide of life;

An old man, on whose silver hair
These autumn sunbeams fall,
Whose eyes glance vacantly on me,
And long-lost years recall.

I'm growing old, with sorrow fraught,
I wipe his death-dewed brow,
And o'er me floods the heavy thought
That he is dying now;
I turn him toward the rising sun,
The struggle's almost o'er,
He sighs "My boy," but boyhood's day
To me will come no more.

Lo, yonder leans an idle staff,
A vacant lonely chair;
No more at eve his jocund laugh
Shall hold us lingering there;

I look into his altered face,
But ah! his hands are cold;
O does it need this bitter pang
To teach I'm growing old?

The kitchen-clock, with steady beat,
Calls solemnly within,
But ah! again 't will not repeat
Its silver chime for him;
So called it, when beneath this roof
He saw his first-born son;
It calls once more, but he with time,
Amid life's scenes, has done.

'Tis true, and yet I did not feel
The weight of years before,
But now, as from his side I steal,
The last sad struggle o'er,

Far distant seems life's morning way:
Yet hope my spirit stills,
And I will take my staff to-day
And seek the shadowy hills.

THE NAME UNKNOWN.

VAILED Prophet of the year to come,
  Arise, and trace for me
The letters of the Name Unknown,
  My soul desires to see.

Come, lend thy mirror to my sight;
  With her my life is fraught;
She claims my softest dreams at night,
  My hours of daily thought.

She sits within my study-room,
  She fills the vacant chair,
She sings low songs in twilight's gloom,
  I start, she is not there.

Vailed Prophet of the years to come,
  Reveal the face to be;
The letters of the Name Unknown,
  Arise and trace for me.

MARY LEE.

Thy face was pale, sweet Mary Lee,
When I from yonder town,
The farmer's Devon stock to see,
Had rode my hunter down:

A strapping youth, at manhood's edge,
Who loved the chase to range,
I leaped old Murad o'er the hedge,
And rounded by the grange.

With clattering hoofs I passed the bridge,
The trestle lodge, and tree,
And rising o'er the quarry's ridge,
Quick fell my eyes on thee.

To ask the way across the hill,
Though well the path I knew,
I left old Murad by the mill,
And slowly walked toward you.

A pale-faced girl, of foreign look,
A youth with bold brown face,
The one prepared with harp and book,
The other for the chase.

Such was the picture, Mary Lee,
When in the sunlight there,
You raised your dark blue eyes to me,
And backward tossed your hair.

I stammered something of the land
As if I went astray,
When, rising, you, with snow-white hand,
Marked where the pasture lay;

Indeed, didst wander down where near,
The forest path was cleft,
Then said, "Just half a mile from here
The way lies to the left."

I parted from you at the mill,
Then, slowly o'er the down,
Old Murad laid his course at will,
And soon returned to town.

I left him with my brother's groom,
And wandered o'er the park,
Till twilight gathered round its gloom,
And all the land was dark.

My father met me on the stairs,
And called me back to dine,
And asked me of the farm affairs,
My judgment of the kine.

My mother sent, my cup to fill,
For nothing had I ate;
I saw the girl beside the mill,
And passed her back my plate.

"What ails thee, boy?" my father said;
"What ails thee, clownish churl?"
I felt my tingling cheek was red,
And almost said, the girl.

My mother laughed—"Some boyish freak;"
Then came and stood by me;
I pressed a kiss upon her cheek,
And thought, of Mary Lee.

With net and rod, at early dawn,
I wandered o'er the hill,
My path lay near the farm-house lawn,
And so I passed the mill.

All night I'd seen the wandering fair,
And joyous dreams I'd had;
But when I found she was not there,
My heart was pained and sad.

My brow was hot—I doffed my hat,
And passed along the stream,
When low upon a rock she sat,
The image of my dream.

I can not say what words were said,
So long has time passed by,
But this I know, I spake the maid,
And she returned a sigh.

THY face is pale, sweet Mary Lee,
And thou art strangely fair;
Thy mother looked so once, and she
Had also golden hair.

Come hither, child, too frail art thou
To share thy brothers' play,
Come, wipe away thy tears, and now
Beside thy father stay.

Dear wife, that wanderest up the path,
And rests thy boys among,
I hear the echo of thy laugh,
Years only make thee young.

But come, my child, we'll hasten now
And meet her 'neath yon tree;
She is my dear good wife, and thou
Art little Mary Lee.

THE FISHERMAN'S ORPHAN.

THE harbor bar moaned loud that day,
The curlew shrieked about the bay,
And to our little sheltered cove
Thick clouds of mist the sea-wind drove.

I met but once my mother's sight,
For I was born the very night
My father's boat was washed on shore,
Dismantled of its sail and oar.

That barren grave-yard on the height,
Above which sea-birds wing their flight,
Is full of mounds—and often there
I linger, when the evening air

Falls softly on two narrow graves,
O'erlooking far those slumb'ring waves,
That murmer ever of the sea
That lonely made the world to me.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

'T is cold to-night, the bitter breeze,
That all day long has shrieked and sung
And from the brown, dismantled trees
The few last leaves of autumn flung—
Has spent its breath, and now the sky
Is one wide arch of blue on high.

The round pale moon, with frosty light
Rolls up beyond the mountain's rift,

While scudding from their northern flight,
The fleecy clouds before it drift,
Like some white fleet of nameless sail
Long port-bound by an eastern gale.

I stand before the casement's panes
And gaze along the terraced slope,
The garden, and the silvered lanes,
The forest, where the pathways ope,
Through whose dark space a single star
Hangs glimmering like a lamp afar.

Roll on, pale moon, I would not add
One ray unto thy feeble light,
Nor take away one gleam that sad
Invests my thoughtful soul to-night;
Yonder the village grave-yard lies,
And drearily the night-wind sighs.

Who sleeps therein? whose sculptured stones,
  Mute sentinels in white array,
Give back the chilling voice that moans
  Along the ridged and frozen way:
Coldly thou shadowest forth the grave
Of many beautiful and brave.

Deep in their lone, oblivious rest,
  The school ones of my play-time sleep,
But I, who loved the grave-yard best,
  Alone am left for them to weep;
Alone! ah, no, still memory keeps
The heaved turf green where Rachel weeps.

Along the sky, hark, once again
  I hear the lulling tempest roar
With dull, deep moan, like breakers when
  A storm rolls down a rocky shore.

Blow on, my thoughts shall follow thee
O'er deserts, and the lonely sea.

Brother, as on thy face to-night
The autumn moon looks calmly down,
See'st thou the darkly wooded height
And silvered windows of the town?
See'st thou once more the welcome beam
From out our mother's dwelling gleam?

Brother, since thou and I at home
Sat round the fire-side blazing fair,
A strange, sad vacancy has come
Where lonely stands the cushioned chair;
A staff leans idly in its place,
And weeded forms the ingle grace.

A lonely woman, old and gray,
A tree bereft of half its strength,

Moves slow along the accustomed way,
Patient, in hopes to sleep at length,
Near him whose mingled lot she bore,
Till the dark grave his form closed o'er.

Down the cold passages, around
The rude veranda, o'er whose eaves
The long-armed creeper yearly wound,
Till it had clambered 'mong the leaves,
I hear her step, and now her light
Winds slowly back the stairway flight.

The neighboring bell, with winter chime,
Has ceased the curfew hour to call,
No more the glowing embers shine
With wavery shadows on the wall,
And thou, cold penetrating moon,
Art clambering toward the midnight noon.

Roll on, roll on, I would not add
One gleam unto thy feeble light,
Nor take away one ray, which sad,
Invests my thoughtful soul to-night;
Perchance when I am gone, for me
Here shall some loved one gaze on thee.

SPRING IN THE BACK STREETS.

At length cold Winter's icy king,
Who long o'er earth has held his sway,
Lies prostrate 'neath the foot of Spring,
Who smiling treads the streets to-day.

In narrow ways, where drifted snow,
In blackened heaps lay piled along;
The waters to the culvert flow
With noise like swollen brooklet's song.

From damp, dark lanes, and alleys drear,
The mildewed walls curl smoke on high,
And to the shallow courts appear
Once more a strip of genial sky.

The beggar wanders from his den,
His weasel-face less pinched by care,
And shuffles on, well pleased again
To snuff afar the mellowing air.

The heavy cart, which long has blocked
The passage to the ruined shed,
Has now its fastening chain unlocked,
And stands before the hydrant's head.

The children climb its clumsy wheel,
Or spin their tops upon its floor,
While baby brothers creeping steal
To watch them from the open door.

The fishman's horn, and grinder's bell
Again the lonely alley greets,
While loudly rings "tin ware to sell,"
Along the more frequented streets.

The vagrant dog, with drooping tail,
And famished swine, with fractured leg,
The thawing garbage heaps assail,
No more compelled to steal or beg.

Yet, Spring, among these wretched scenes,
The crazy wall, and fetid shed,
Thou lov'st in smiles to cast thy beams,
And cheer the lowliest beggar's head.

And children greet thee; far and free
O'er chimney-tops their kites they sail,
Or gather round the blighted tree
Where still hangs lodged the parted tail.

The match-girl from some guarded park
Bears stealthily a flower away,
A little rush-light in the dark
Of her unloved and sunless day.

No more, ere dawns the faintest light,
The laborer's wife his meal prepares,
And e'er the sunset hour to-night,
He 'll leave the workshop's wearying cares.

Sweet Spring I love thee not the less
Though flaunting pride thy presence greets,
But, O, the faintest smile I bless,
Which beams along the cheerless streets.

MY MOTHER'S KEEPSAKE.

Ringlet of soft and shining hair,
The first they severed from the curls
That o'er white shoulders, round and fair,
In waves swept wandering like a girl's,

Greet me not now, with baby look,
With whisper of my childhood's time;
For it is sorrowful to brook
The thought, fair curl, that thou wast mine.

Greet me not now; the rain falls fast,
The big drops scatter from the leaves,
And the wet swallow wheeling past,
Sails home to brood beneath the eaves.

Greet me not now, o'er seventy years
Have clasped me with their icy span,
Channeled deep places for my tears,
And left a bowed and gray-haired man.

Greet me not now; with mournful step
I cross the ancient nursery floor,
Where, a fair bantling, once I crept,
As foot-falls sounded near the door.

Cross it to mark the shadows pass,
Where oft a laughing child I came,
To see within the mirroring glass,
The boy's form in a gilded frame.

A shadowy band that well I know,
Fill silently the lonely room,
Women with locks white blanched as snow,
And old men tottering in the gloom.

Faces that once in childhood seemed
Too bright to overshade with care;
Voices that rang when sunlight gleamed,
On grass-grown hill, and sweet parterre;

Voices that breathe a sad, low strain,
Like wind-harps on the evening gale,
Waking deep yearnings, O how vain!
For loved ones passed "within the vail."

Sad vision from my sight evanish;
Look up, look up, oh weary soul;
Earth's feverish longings banish;
Heaven is thy appointed goal!

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE CHILDLESS.

We are bowed travelers, like many others,
Whose feet have passed into the vale of tears;
Slowly we wander on among our brothers,
Two poor old folk, left childless in our years.

'T is a long time since hand in hand together,
We first commenced to walk life's rough high-
way,
And we have learned, since then, sad truths which
tether
Our hearts more firmly, as our forms decay.

Simple our lives, our wishes unaspiring,
Our children's memory sacredly we keep;
Little on earth we find ourselves desiring,
Save, in God's time, among their bones to sleep.

Therefore, when Spring has warmed the earth's cold bosom,
And grassy mounds with fragrant lilies dressed,
We make our pilgrimage to tend the blossom,
O'er the green graves wherein the nurslings rest.

There grief once more unseals its flowing fountain;
Still round the spot our trembling footsteps stray,
Till the slant sunbeams from the distant mountain,
With trailing shadow, usher out the day.

There, with our children, we hold sweet communion,
With strengthened heart go forth to meet the years;
Waiting with patience for that blest reunion,
Undimmed by time, unsullied by tears.

'T is a sweet privilege to us so hoary;
Deprive us not this tribute to their graves,
The simple comfort to our bitter story,
As slow we wander down to cross the waves.

A MIDNIGHT PETITION

FROM THE STEPS OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

Gentle lady, will you hear me
For my mother's sake to-night,
Who is watching my dead brother
Till the coming on of light;
She is very hungry, lady,
Pale, from watching by his bed,
I am weary, but my mother,
My poor mother, has no bread.

For three days, O! gentle lady,
Has she lingered by his side,
And my little hands have scarcely
Kept our scanty wants supplied;
And to-night, his shroud a-sewing,
Sits she sobbing by his bed;
I am weary, gentle lady,
But my mother lacketh bread.

Hear me, hear me, O sweet lady,
For I do not tell a lie;
Help me, help me, oh a little,
Lest my mother too shall die:
Since the gray of yester morning,
Has she hungered at our home;
Hear me, hear me, gentle lady,
Or an orphan I become.

THE SONG OF WIND.

The winter wind is a traveller old,
And many a song has he,
And to-night from out of the storm-cloud cold
He cometh, and sings to me—
Ha! ha! he sings
He sings to me!

And now I can hardly hear the strain
That forth from his harp he pours;
And now it is rising once again,
And fearfully loud it roars—
Ha! ha! it roars,
It fearfully roars!

"A ship's ashore upon the coast,
I left her only now,
Her shrouds are full of sheeted ghosts,
A rock is through her bow;
Ha! ha! her bow,
Is through her bow!

"I can not wait to tell you more,
They want a funeral dirge;
Corpses are floating to the shore,
I see them in the surge;
Ha! ha! the surge,
Cold in the surge!

"I see them by the light of guns,
That flash along the deep:
Father's are clinging to their sons,
There are babies fast asleep;
Ha! ha! asleep,
They are fast asleep!

"There are maidens with long flowing hair,
And night-clothes round their breasts—
There are sailors shouting in despair,
And children all undressed;
Ha! ha! undressed,
Sweet children all undressed!

"There go the masts, the pumps will choke,
The sea is o'er them now;
Ha! ha! it's swept them with its stroke,
A few are on the bow;
Ha! ha! the bow,
Are on the bow!

"I see their arms, I see their heads,
Amid the boiling sea;
They are no more than the green kelp threads—
Ah well! it pleases me,
It pleases me,
Ha! ha! it pleases me!

"They drag a body through the surf,
With bruised and broken form,
They bear it to a fisher's hearth,
Still, still the corpse is warm,
Is warm, is warm,
Ha! ha! is warm!

"The fingers are all hooped with gold,
They cut them from the hand,
They leave it stiff'ning in the cold,
More, more have come to land;
Ha! ha! to land,
Have come to land!

"See there! heaped in among the rest,
That maiden's headless trunk,
That mother, with full throbbing breast
A baby lately drunk;
Ha! ha! the babe
That lately drunk!

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! 't was a brave old ship
But I'll scatter it on the shore;
Its master lies with a frozen lip,
And wounds still ebbing gore;
Ha! ha! his wounds
Still ebbing gore!

"There comes the dawn; I'm mightier now,
My strength gains more and more;
I'll drown the few upon the bow,
And I'll make the billows roar;
Ha! ha! they roar,
They madly roar!

"Not one shall e'er survive the wreck,
To-night I'm lord of the sea,
From stern to bow will I sweep the deck,
Ha! ha! it pleases me,
It pleases me,
Ha! ha! it pleases me!"

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The winter wind is a traveller old,
And many a song has he,
And thus from out of the midnight cold,
He came and sang of the sea;
Ha! ha! the sea,
God pity the ones that sail on the sea!

THE EVENING WIND.

O! EVENING wind, sweet evening wind,
So soft, so frolicsome, and kind,
  Thy genial presence brings
To flowery banks a perfumed gale,
That swells the passing shallop's sail,
  And wide its pennant flings.

Thou waft'st the white-winged ships from far,
When silent sleeps the harbor bar,
  And lights are on the shore;
The fisher hastes his bark from sea,
Whose child beside the ruined quay
  Awaits his laboring oar.

Soothed by thy breath, the farmer leaves
His sickle 'mid the garnered sheaves,
And wanders slowly home;
The kine pursue the loaded wain,
And stealthy crop the shocks of grain,
And o'er the pasture roam.

The robin hastens to her rest,
The eagle to her mountain nest,
The sparrow to her spray;
Thy breath unvails the evening star,
And streams her twilight lamp afar,
As fades the mellowing day.

Upon the smooth and glassy deep,
Thou rock'st the lily buds to sleep
And blithesomely thy cheer
Thou murmurest round the cottage eaves,
Low whispering through the poplar's leaves,
Into the lover's ear.

Dew-drops are scattered on the grass,
As thou adown the vale dost pass,
  Amid the evening gray;
The brooklet hears thy wandering step,
And shimmering foam the eddy kept,
  Evanishes away.

Thy voice recalls the long-lost years,
The sunshine and the vale of tears,
  And loved friends from afar;
Friends from the silent spirit land,
That meet me in a shadowy band,
  When dawns the evening star.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

He loves the influences that stir
  Where voices of sweet children come,
He worships every word of her
  Who sings them to their rest at home.

He wanders round their little beds,
  And listens to their lisping prayer;
He puts away the light that sheds
  Its gleam upon their eyes and hair.

Long since has age his brow besprent
  With silver lines; but unforgot
He holds one love, in calm content,
  To dream of her who now is not.

TO THE FARMERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Once more my native hills I tread,
  Broad round me sleep the smiling meads;
A land that 's reverend for its dead,
  And noble from heroic deeds.

In all my life of toil and cark,
  In all the joys that I have known,
Like the tired dove from out the ark,
  Back to this land my heart has flown.

Again before my eyes I see
The river winding through the vale,
The lake, an ocean once to me,
With here and there a scattered sail.

Yonder, the rugged hill I find
Half circled by a crescent wood,
Where, warmly sheltered from the wind,
The rude yet cheerful farm-house stood;

Encompassed by its sheds and barns,
And dairy-yard, with massive wall;
Its dovecot smiling down the farm,
And scattered kine awaiting call.

Close by the granary, near the tree,
The loaded market-wagon stands,
And flocks of poultry, quick to see
The door half closed by careless hands.

The smoke is curling wide and fair,
The teams are going forth once more,
Or bating by the streamlet, where
The waters through the runnel roar.

The plowman whistles down the hill,
The brown thrush, from the springing oats,
Wakes the soft noontime with its shrill,
Half mocking, and discordant notes.

Ah no, alas! the hills and leas
Have lost their crescent shade of green,
And blackened stumps, and girdled trees,
Are weeping o'er the blighted scene.

O! farmer of my native land,
In dreams oft rising o'er the sea,
I 've seen these glorious forests stand,
And named them with my pride for thee.

Spare them, for ancient memories, spare
The dear old patriarchal ones;
Your grandsires left them standing there;
O spare them, spare them, for your sons.

O stay the shining axe that rings
Along the lovely verdant height;
O stay it, for the girl that sings
Beside your blazing hearth to-night.

O stay it, for the babes that wear
Their mother's smile and sunny eyes;
And stay it for the sire that there
Beneath the grass-grown hillock lies.

O spare them for your country's fame:
Green shall his memory be,
Who would not, for a paltry gain,
Destroy the venerable tree.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER,

WITH A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

Flowers, sweet flowers I send to you,
Many colored, white and blue;
Rosebuds in with pansies set,
Pinks and fragrant mignionette.

Baby sweet has come to you,
Lily-fingered, eyes of blue.
Snow-drop resting on thy bosom,
Rose-bud opening into blossom.

High in the mysterious heaven
Angels watch the floweret's birth;
May some angel one be given
For thy baby's friend on earth,

For the world is dark and chilly;
Let us pray no frost of time
Touch the petals of the lily
Slumbering on that breast of thine.

Flower it is from heaven's sweet garden,
Now transplanted into thine;
Henceforth thou must be its warden—
Light from heaven upon thee shine.

Flowers, sweet flowers, I send to you,
Time will blight them with its dew;
But the baby, part of thee,
Shall not from thy mem'ry flee;
Thine! and in the earth or sky,
Soul-flower, it shall never die.

THE MOCK AUCTIONEER.

From his little stall on the east of Broadway,
From morning till night you can hear him bray;
"Going, going, going, I say,"
Always going, but never away.
How in the world does he make it pay?

There he stands by his counter of glass,
Calling aloud to the folk that pass,
Loud as the bray of a blatant ass,
"Going! going! going! I say:"
Always going but never away.
How in the world does he make it pay?

About his doors, with brows profound,
Some dozen of other donkeys are found,
With eyes as sneaking, and looks as cheap
As any dog that has murdered a sheep;
And over their heads comes the dissonant bray,
"Going, going, going, I say:"
How in the world does he make it pay?

Now advancing slowly down,
Coming to see the sights of the *Town*,
With open mouth, progresses a clown:
With face as stolid as one of brass,
He pauses before the door of the ass,
Where he, perceiving the scent of hay,
Louder and louder countinues to bray,
"Going going, going, I say,
Here is the place to make it pay."

And now the scamps about the door,
Looking like sheep-thieves more and more,
Prick their ears, and crowd into the store,
Where louder, still arises that bray,
"Going! going! going! I say,
Here is the place to make it pay."

"What's agoing? let me see?"
Then somebody pops in his ear a flea,
"The cheapest thing that ever can be,
Just like the one he sold to me,
Only cheaper, dollars by three,"
While "going, going," continues the ass,
"Shame to let such a bargain pass."
Then he opens a watch by Jonathan's side,
And shows him the wheels that beautifully glide,
"Lor!" says John, "how slick they slide."
"Going! going! going! I say,"

Still unbroken continues the bray,
"Only fifty dollars to pay:
Full of diamonds, and made of gold,
Going! going! going! to be sold:
Come, old fellow, I'll throw in a chain,
Never there'll be such a bargain again—
Going! going! going! I say,
This is the place to make it pay."

John pulls his weasel, and counts his cash,
And fifty dollars "settles his hash;"
Then proud as a lord he walks away,
While still unbroken continues the bray—
"Going! going! going! I say
This is the *how* we make it pay."

John showed his watch to a brother clown,
Who knew a thing or so of the *Town*,

"Good Lord!" says he, "you're green as grass,
Your watch is pinchback, and chain is brass."

But still from his stall on the east of Broadway,
From morning till night you can hear that bray,
"Going! going! going! I say."
If you want to be fleeced, just step that way,
And he'll show you the trick of making it pay.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

An old woman there was, and keen was her sight,
Though blind as a bat to perception of light;
And I found her one day knitting under a tree,
When she felt of my face to learn whose it might be,
And then said all kindly and gently to me—
"Sit down!"

Then she looked with her fingers, and with them did see
There was room where she sat, if we both could agree;

And with those good eyes of hers, drew in her gown,.
And said, "On this bench will you please to sit down—
With me.

"You perceive," she continued, "I am blind and am lame,
And I find my way here through the eyes of my cane;
You may deem them strange optics, but they're better than none,
To one who for years has been blind as a stone;
Lack-a-day!

"Feel my hand," she said kindly, "a horny old thing,
But the touch of it once made a bonny heart spring—

A heart that lies coldly at rest in the grave,
With its good mother earth, who took back what
she gave—
To me.

"See my hair, like the threads that a glass-
blower weaves
For the tail of his bird, standing up on green
leaves:
Ah! once it was flowing, in brown sunny curls,
And I danced in the May-time, as queen of the
girls.

"On this crooked old finger, you see, is a ring,
Which, corroded and worn, is a cheap-looking
thing;
But once it was bright, and the secret it told,
Is one that your heart is beginning to hold—
So take care!

"For time dallies with ringlets, and leaves them like mine,
And his kiss on fair foreheads tells tales of the crime;
But when the white hair steals out through the cap,
And the knitting-work falls from the hand to the lap;
And the ball of yarn, frisking, goes off with the cat;
And the old woman noddeth alone in her nap;
And the good man has gone to his home in the grave,
And o'er his green turf the willow boughs wave;
And your children are dead, and some stranger you claim
To assist the frail steps of the time-wearied dame;
You 'll be thinking, like me, 'tis long to be stayed
From the dear heart that sleeps in the grass-covered glade."

TO MISS ——.

I SUPPOSE it 's not right, this good Saturday night,
The curfew-bell done with its tolling,
Still my fire to burn bright, and not put out my light,
As in times when the law was controlling:
When, for fear of the stocks, just at nine by the clocks,
Went to bed the poor man and his better,
And closing each door, began soundly to snore,
That the law might be filled to the letter.

But the truth must be said, and now over my head
Floats a spell, like a vision of roses,
A dark swimming eye, whose long lashes nigh,
Sweep cheeks where a dimple reposes;
O that queen of all girls, with a mouthful of pearls,
And a voice like a wild naiad's daughter,
And a blush looking so like a rose on the snow,
As a grace that dear Nature has taught her.

She has followed me here, lo! her dark eye is near,
As I turn o'er the page of evangel,
And to think of a prayer, with her face beaming there,
Is to bow at the foot of an angel.
Burn, burn, my good light, far out in the night,

Shine on, where cold midnight is stealing,
And I'll dream of this star, whose light from afar,
A vision of heaven is revealing.

Hark! the clock from the steeple is telling the people
It is midnight, and past by a quarter,
And now 'gainst my pane dashes wildly the rain,
Dashes mad, with a deluge of water;
What 's the storm unto me? when the vision roams free,
Where the air her wild music is swelling,
When the light of her face gildeth cornice and space,
And her brownie-like laugh is foretelling,

That this room shall grow bright with blue luminous light,
If I put on my night-cap for slumber,

And that I shall see fair, in the ancient parterre,
That fruit of unfortunate plunder.
But stop, there tolls one—yet I 've hardly begun
To reflect on this beauteous *Tochter;*
Ha! my fire is gone out—what am I about?
Catching cold—and to-morrow, the doctor.

But the Sabbath is here, and that bell striking near,
Recalls me once more to my duty;
So I 'll offer my prayer—" O thou delicate fair,
May you ne'er be deprived of your beauty.
Kind Providence keep, all the hours of your sleep;
Of angels sweet dreams may you borrow,
And soft as the dawn, may your spirit rise warm,
To meet me at church-time to-morrow."

THE VALENTINE OF AHAB NEBAJOTH.

I 'M alone in the world, neither father nor mother,
Aunt, nephew, or niece, sister, cousin, or brother,
And the only companion I claim on the earth
Is the cricket that chirps by the crack of my
hearth.

I 'm richer than Fagin, or Shylock, or Dan,
Melchisedec, Isaac, and old Abraham;
I have houses, and horses, and cattle, and lands,
Bonds, stocks, and foreclosures by lots in my
hands.

I have secrets of state, and statements of facts,
I have bills of exchange, and *exchange* to be taxed;
I have all that is needed for joy in this life,
Save one more Nebajoth, and she Ahab's wife.

Now Rachel Bashemath, I 'll speak what I 'll do,
And the money I 'll give both to bake and to brew,
The price you shall have for your clothes and your shoes,
And to spend in such other like ways as you choose.

I 'll allow you the sum of ten shillings a day,
For meat, milk, and bread, and house-servants' pay,
And a shilling beside, near a dollar a week,
To spend as you choose, in fancy or freak.

I will give you the worth of twelve dollars a
year,
That in clothing the best you may ever appear,
And an order on Slop's for your rubbers and hose,
To be charged in the sum I allow for your
clothes.

I will give you a bank-book for money deposit,
To be carefully kept in your drawer or your
closet,
That the shillings and pence you will save every
year,
May with interest on interest compounded appear.

I will have the old coats, and old hats, and old
boots,
Old breeches, old vests, old shirts, and surtouts,
Removed from my office, a parlor to make,
If Rachel Bashemath my wealth will partake.

I will brush up the best of my old gabardine,
Color over my wig to invisible green;
And of changes I'll make, this is but the beginning;
For my stockings you 'll knit, the yarn is now spinning.

So now, Rachel, be ready by week after next,
When I 'll turn out old Hagar on some slight pretext,
And procure at the market a tripe and a liver,
That the feast may be regal when we come together.

These fat things prepared, we will sit down alone,
In the pride of our hearts, by our own household stone;
O Rachel Bashemath Nebajoth, my bride,
Methinks I am pressing your form to my side!

THE MEMENTO.

My grandmother 's bowed, and wrinkled, and gray,
And, seventy years gone, she was married one day,
In an old-fashioned church, in an old-fashioned way.

My grandmother 's practical, silent, and cold;
From her marriage her life grew reflective and old,
And her heart bears a secret that words have not told.

To an oddly-bound book my old grandmother
cleaves,
A poor faded rose-bud lies crushed in its leaves;
Why weeps the old dame when that bud she
perceives?

THE STREAM OF TIME.

UNDER a spreading tree,
On a wild mountain,
Close to a rifted rock,
Sparkles a fountain:
Soft is its mossy rim,
Over whose glassy brim,
Cool waters glisten;
Here, in the summer's day,
Weary I often stray;
Warble the birds away,
Joyful I listen.

Forth from its crystal bed,
Stealeth the silver thread;
Quiet and smooth it glides
Adown mountain-sides,
Out from the shadow:
Caught by the rocky steep,
Boldly it makes a leap,
And finds the meadow.

Under the grassy edge,
Under the rocky ledge,
Through the old pasture;
Round by the marshy fen,
Into a woodland glen,
Faster and faster;

Under the forest's shade,
Dark by thick pine boughs made;

Now in the deep ravine,
Hiding its crystal sheen,
'Mid pines and larches,
Now by soft banks again,
Forth from the woodland glen,
Where the elm arches.

Out from the forest's side,
No more its face to hide,
Hence forth it goeth;
Brooklet art thou, no more,
But, with a dash and roar,
A river floweth.

Flow on, O stream of time,
On, like the brooklet's chime,
On, like the river;
Quick let thy current flee,

The ocean waiteth thee,
Thither, haste thither;
Prophet art thou? ah no,
Thou lingerest not to show
The fate of those that go
Over the river!

A WATCH PICTURE.

Upon an antique sporting-watch, supposed to be over a hundred years old, which was taken from the baggage of an unknown English traveler, who died in New Granada.

Thou art a relic all strange and old,
With thy antique face of virgin gold;
And with man, for over a hundred years,
Hast dated time, with its hopes and fears.

And father and son have passed away,
And ivy climb'd o'er the turrets gray
Of yonder church, where sunbeams rest
On sculptured urn, and marble crest,

And grim old tombs, where each of the race
Sleeps cold and calm in his burial place;
And the hand which wrought thee with cunning skill,
Has slumbered long 'neath the grass-grown hill.

At bridal feasts, and funeral gloom,
At wassail boards of the crowded room,
O'er grass-grown paths in the gloomy park,
On lonely moors, when the night was dark,
Thy voice still called, nor feared to tell
Of time that passed with a ceaseless swell.

On thee the child at his father's side,
Who was born to share the ancestral pride,
With pleasure looked: and caught the beat
Of time that moved upon winged feet,
Which would still press on when he had sped
To the ancient place of his kindred dead.

With thee the Esquire to the Derby came
When Wildfire ran with Sir Archy Gream;
By thee the bets on the field were laid,
Where stood the grooms 'neath the awning's shade;
And thy calm old face was still and cold,
When lands and house from the Esquire were sold,
Who staked the grange on young Wildfire's strength,
And lost alone by a neck in length.

And when that roistering house was gone,
The hunt long still in the autumn morn,
When Esquire and groom in death were asleep,
And short-horns grazed o'er the rocky steep,
When a little cottage contained all
Of the ancient race of Wolfburn Hall;
On, on, the same unwearied chime
Repeated the ebb and flow of time.

And when a scholar lad went forth,
To travel far in the distant north,
When sighs were heaved and white hands wrung,
When the mother's head on his bosom hung,
And the sister looked through a mist of tears
To the dim far off of distant years;
With him thou went to wander free
O'er arid waste, and trackless sea.

And when the world he had traveled round,
And far away from the frozen sound,
'Midst torrid climes he found the pass
Through the jungle, wood, and wild morass,
Thou still beat on, as true as when
The Esquire rode chase in the woodland glen.

And when a vision swept through that brain
To madness racked by the fever pain,

When lips were parched, and glazed the eye,
And the wanderer knew that he must die,
All calm thou lay on his throbbing breast,
With solemn beat till the heart had rest.

When there he perished, unknown to fame,
Without revealing a kindred name,
Afar away in the swampy gloom
Of the swarthy Indian's rush-built room,
I found thee noting the silent tread
Of suns that passed o'er his lonely bed.

What untold sorrow, what heart-wrung tears
For him have fallen these many years;
How oft in dreams does his mother weep,
Or start with joy from her feverish sleep,
Alone to hear the night-bird call,
Or the dog beside the garden wall.

He will come no more, yet calm and slow
With the measured tread of long ago,
Still dost thou beat in thy antique case,
And note the time for a stranger's face.

FAITH.

Last night I heard, afar, a blue-bird singing,
And with the west wind came the brooklet's flow,
Near the old turn-stile I found sweetly springing,
Three little violets, by a bank of snow.

Hast thou less faith than nature's gentle nurslings,
Who raise their heads with spring-time's earliest breath?
Read then the history of these tender firstlings,
Nor fear the conflict of thy life or death.

THE SENATOR'S MOTHER.

Among the middling walks of life,
A servant girl in yonder town,
She toiled till she became a wife
In that low house of sober brown;
She early learned to brew and bake,
And all of household duties share,
Could press a cheese, make bread or cake,
And well a frugal meal prepare.

The strong old dame who brought her up,
In youthful days had wove and spun,
Basted, and sewed, and knit, and cut,
Besides the dairy-work she 'd done;
And still about her busy wheel,
Less supple with her hands than tongue,
She duly brought the girl to feel
How woman worked, when she was young.

"'T was well enough," she said, "to go
And learn to read in winter time;"
Therefore, when far the early snow
Had clothed the hills in frosty time,
The girl went wandering by the wood,
To where, upon the windy slope,
The school-house of the district stood,
Strong anchor of the village hope.

And there she learned the three ground rules,
Geography and grammar, too,
And how the brigs exported mules
That vanished in the outline blue;
And how the master lashed his slave
Where those white sails would quickly come,
And buried in an unknown grave,
Who chief or queen had been at home.

And there she vowed a holy word,
"If o'er a babe her head should bend,
To train it up to serve the Lord,
And freedom's holy cause defend:"
In God her trust was ever sure;—
In poverty her lot He willed,
Almost unknown, she lived obscure,
But lived to see that vow fulfilled.

She married in the self-same sphere
In which her early life was cast,
And strove along, from year to year,
Till that warm heart had beat its last;
A widow lone, with children four,
And mortgaged farm, at twenty-eight;
She watched the earth his form close o'er,
And lonely left the church-yard gate.

She toiled, but first to heaven she prayed
For strength in that stern time to aid her,
And when upon her death-bed laid,
She felt that strength had not betrayed her.
We may not know the weary hours,
The sleepless nights, the many cares;
But this we know, that trodden flowers
Are nourished by her children's prayers.

In those long years, before she died,
She did what any mother can;
Reared one who shall not be defied,
A stalwart, true, New England man,
Who list'ning crowds in rapture chains,
Who owns the swarthy slave his brother,
And her who sleeps, most proudly names,
Beloved and venerated mother.

Bless thee, old dame! in silence sleep
On dear New England's rugged breast;
Green may thy memory ever keep,
Though cold the clay is round thee prest:
And every trusting heart that bears
The name of mother at the home,
Remember that by work and prayers
The blessings of our land are won.

TROUBLES OF A POOR POET.

My little room, whose windows small
Look out upon the stone-faced wall,
Whose massive shadow, grim and high,
Shuts in a narrow strip of sky,
That, bright or cloudy, as may be,
Ever is beautiful to me:

That shows a narrow yard below,
Where a few straggling lilies grow,
And ancient pinks, that quite alone,
Edge round the little walk of stone,

And an old vine that climbs athwart
The fences of the neighboring court;

Whose broken looking-glass, and few
Frail chairs, that long ago were new,
And table, writing-desk, and bed,
With the quaint picture at its head,
And the patched carpet, slightly torn,
And the thin window-shades so worn:

Things that I gathered, piece by piece,
Smiling to see the store increase;
My books, and candlesticks, and flute,
My old and threadbare Sunday suit,
Here 's your last invoice, now away,
Tokens of many a better day!

Dear room! I 've come to speak adieu,
And my last farewell take of you,

To place thin hands above my eyes,
And throttle down the thoughts that rise,
Thoughts darkening like a funeral pall,
Over this sacrifice of all.

I 've come, the last time here to lie,
And gaze upon that strip of sky;
To toss uneasily till dawn
Her mantle o'er the stars has drawn;
For the last time to cross the floor,
And backward to look toward the door.

You were cheap-rented, little room,
Yet the quick pay-days gathered soon;
The tread upon the echoing stair,
The knock that told me who was there;
Last night I heard it, but in vain
Wrong side I turned my purse again.

You were unlovely, little place,
And but few tenants liked the space,
Lost by the dormer windows old,
And the square gables, quaint and bold;
But the same difference to me,
Made you just twice as dear to be.

I have long kept you, and loved well,
Here in the solitude to dwell,
Where the young mice steal forth to play,
And the grim spider swings all day:
Few were my savings, yet though few,
The rent ne'er passed its week of due.

I have grown gray-haired since the day
Up the dark stairs I found my way,
And with my kindling-wood and coke,
In the cold grate a glimmer woke,
Calling out pictures from the gloom,
For the damp ceiling of the room.

But my long sickness, and the bills
For the poor arrow-root and pills,
And the old doctor, who so swore,
Fumbling about the crazy door,
Took my last savings, books and flute,
Leaving me weak and destitute.

Ah! but they 're coming; I must say good-by,
And for a shelter turn me to the sky;
Fate has o'erpowered me, and, with bitter doom,
Taken the bedstead, bedding, and the room,
Drawn the last meshes of life's checkered woof,
Left me in poverty without a roof.

TO AGNES.

Agnes, as pensive lingering yet,
With half-blown flowers around thee springing,
One foot on woman's border set,
And one to time of girlhood clinging—
Dost thou some future shadows heed?
And wouldst thy woman's history read?

Simple the tale, the sibyl's page
Hath oft been turned and watched by me;
Pause now upon thy pilgrimage,
And I will tell it o'er for thee:
Sweet child be calm, for even now
The buds are bursting on the bough.

These speak of love, these quick discern
  Thy heart's first fluttering desire;
Ever such dreams in bosoms burn,
  Like embers at the altar fire,
Now bright from passing zephyrs blown,
Now dark and cold, with ashes strown.

With these come griefs, nor yet was eye
  But dimmed its glance while tears fled o'er it,
Nor breast that heaved no bitter sigh
  Since breast of mother sweetly bore it;
Dear one be calm, such fate have all
Ere now the white-leaved blossoms fall.

These tell of death—the lowly flower
  Shall spring above thee, calm reposing,
The lily for its little hour,
  The rosebud in the evening closing;
And children softlier shall tread
The grass-grown mound above thy head.

Nay, weep not, wipe thy tears away;
Thy trusting heart must gladly borrow
From the dark winter of to-day,
The hope of dawning spring to-morrow;
Again shall genial summer shine
On blossoming rose and trailing vine.

THE LETTER FROM CAPE HORN.

My Dear Little Sister,

Once more to your home
I know that the bright yellow daffas have come;
That violets are springing,
And soft music is ringing
From many a bird:
And that down in the glen,
Over pebbles again,
The brooklet is heard.

But your brother looks off on a wintry sky,
Where out from the clouds the crystal flakes fly:
Here the gloomy surge sings,
And afar its spray flings
In wild scornful glee;
Scarce a sunbeam floats near,
And the morning dawns drear
O'er a desolate sea.

Afar its dark bosom is crested with foam,
He hears the mad whirlwind through icy shrouds moan,
Sees wildly soaring
The albatross o'er him,
Her white wings outspread,
Or, far on the billow,
Asleep with a pillow
Of waves for its head.

And he thinks of the pansies adown in the glade,
Of the harebells that grow in the green forest shade;
Where the heifer stands lowing,
And all sweetly is flowing
The stream o'er its bed;
Of the moss that springs brightly,
When over it lightly
Your little feet tread.

Ah! dear little sister, the roses of June,
Yield him no fair blossoms, or fragrant perfume,
No wild partridge drumming,
No busy bee humming
He joyfully hears;
But away 'mid ice islands,
Peering up like grim highlands,
He silently steers.

Rememberest, darling, how six months ago
Forth from the windows we looked on the snow?
Now before the wild blast
Drives it angrily past
And festoons the bow;
But our ship's stanch and brave,
And the dark frowning wave
We 'll cheerily plow.

You may think, little sister, how cold it is here,
For icicles cling to the shrouds, and appear
Glistening and bright
In the faint sunlight,
And on every hand
Reflect the chill sheen
Like a winter scene
In our native land.

Strange things, little sister, I have met in one
year,
Winter in summer months, icy and drear;
Birds sweetly calling,
Little brooks falling,
With merriest flow;
When white overlaid,
Were your balsams' shade,
With shimmering snow.

In cold, stern December, from branches on high,
I have plucked ripe fruit 'neath a tropical sky,
Heard music fall
From battlements tall
Where we had come;
And laughed over those
I knew were half froze,
Far off at our home.

Again, in hot August, in wrath and in might,
Has winter o'ershadowed with six hours of light;
I have seen the whale spouting,
And heard the men shouting
"Where, where away?"
And cold and half-perished,
Dreamed of hearts that I cherished
In the glad May.

I have been, little sister, where the walrus has birth,
And I write you this letter from the end of the earth,
Never fearing but He
Who walked on the sea,
Will watch o'er us all.
Little sister, good-by!
My messmates pass nigh,
And the old boatswain
Pipes his loud call.

IN MEMORY OF EMILY.

In the dark grave, the damp earth pressed around thee,
Thou slumberest, Emily, till God shall call.
Eighteen long years, with cankering griefs, have bound me,
Since from this bosom was relinquished all.

Loved heart of strongest, earliest confiding,
I wander here, familiar things in sight;
One long deep grief within my soul abiding,
One hot, parched day, and no approach of night.

Eighteen long years, yet not enough to sever
The fond remembrance of thy love for me:
Will this drear life still linger on forever,
So far remote, yet still so near to thee?

Here on this sand-beach, overbrowed by mountains,
The stately palms slow bending toward the sea,
This Indian land has no sure ebbing fountains,
More faithful to their source, than grief to me.

If thou hadst left the little one I cherished,
My heart perchance might then have found relief;
But when that little one from me had perished,
I bowed my soul, and yielded up to grief.

O! was it wrong, when that crushed soul was bleeding,
I bade thy grave adieu for evermore:
When from that Northland our white sails receding,
I saw those hills, and that rock-guarded shore.

I had no wish to live, no future care;
My heart lay buried in the earth with thine;
And I knew well the depth of my despair
Could not be measured by the sands of time.

In the dark grave, yet Death's power can not sever
What thy affection to my years has been;
These bleeding wounds shall not flow on forever,
And I shall see thee, Emily, again!

DREAM OF THE SOLITARY.

It rained last eve; on vale and hill
The sable clouds their fullness wept:
A mountain-torrent roared the rill,
And through the night its booming kept.

Deep soughed and moaned the piteous wind,
And at the dormer windows old
The vine-boughs knocked upon the blind,
Or, creaking, loosened from their hold.

Then came in gusts the pelting storm,
And wildly dashed against the pane;
While ever, fitfully and lorn,
The window rattled in its frame.

My single candle flared and wrought
Another shadow on the wall,
Whose ghostly influence I caught,
Till my vexed spirit seemed to call

To some soul wandering in the night,
Some lonely counterpart of me,
Weary with watching for the light,
Ready to die if death might be.

I leaned my hot brow in my palm,
I pressed cold fingers o'er the pane,
Vainly I struggled to be calm,
Till the big tear-drops flowed like rain.

I wandered forth into the storm,
I grappled round like one astray,
I reached my arms out toward the form,
If I might hold it for a day.

But I clasped nothing save a misty cloud,
Frail as a gossamer of morning dew;
And I saw nothing but a waxen shroud,
With a pale corpse-face looking sadly through.

All the long night-watch lonely, far and near,
Like a sad mourner on a desert shore,
I was still wandering, hearkening not to hear,
Calling on voices that should speak no more;

Till at the dawning, when the yielding storm
Melted away, like a young infant's fears,
I was left standing on a velvet lawn,
Perfumed and pearl-set with the midnight tears.

Far in the distance curled the cottage smoke,
Gold glowed the windows in the coming beam,
Purple and shadow o'er the mountains broke,
And I awakened from my stormy dream.

Wakened, and gazed around my dreary room,
My narrow couch, my coverlids thin and few,
My cold grate blackened with a chilling gloom,
My windows moistened with the morning dew;
Wakened, and sighed, Too true, alas! too true!

THE VOICE OF THE ELM-TREE.

In distant town, with grass-grown streets,
And slanting roofs, and mossy, leaf-choked eaves,
Whose tapering spire the weary traveler greets,
Peering its tall shaft through the mass of leaves,

Waves a dark elm-tree, whose outstretching arms,
O'er gables olden, tremblingly extend,
Like some mild patriarch, who, with open palms,
Craves that a blessing on the roof descend.

Once, as I dreamed, I heard a wandering tone
Amid the branches of that weird old tree,
That seemed the voice of some forsaken one,
In tears and sorrow, whispering to me.

"Where is thy mother? and the forms," it said,
"That sat with me, when summer hours were long,
Chanting to music that my leaf-harps played,
Till the whole ether was a lambent song?

"Sweet was thy mother; on her shining curls
Most proud was I a jeweled wreath to set
Of radiant diamonds and milky pearls,
Snatched from my dewy, regal coronet.

"When first I saw thee, was her breast thy bed;
Ah! glad was I upon that natal morn!

And tossed my arms, and waved my ancient head,
And whispered 'mong the clouds, 'the heir is born.'

"Years passed—a chaplet I was forced to weave;
I wrought it well, by the pale evening light,
When I heard angels whispering through my leaves,
Of what they brought and took away that night.

"They brought thy sister, and I felt the breath
Of unseen wings, that bore thy mother home:
I learned of pleasure, yet I knew of death,
When to the roof-tree did the infant come.

"Well! with the baby I had many a game,
And romp, and swing, that made my old heart gay:

Happy was I, none happier when she came,
Or sadder, lonelier when she went away.

"Years now have fled, a poor old sentry, lone
I keep my watch; and in the midnight air
I beat my arms against the lonely home,
But wake no more the children slumbering there."

Then waved his old head slowly to the blast,
And on his brown leaves glistened many a tear;
His words seemed heavier, wilder, and passed
Like a sweet strain I must, yet dared not hear.

Down bent his form, so low, so very low,
I felt his cold breath, as in days of yore;
And he kept whispering, rocking to and fro,
"Come back! come back! and be a child once more!"

TO A PRETTY PROFILE.

She had not a pretty figure, nor a slender taper waist,
Yet her step bespoke the lady, and her hat exquisite taste,
Simply trimmed with edge of ribbon; how I longed the face to see,
Nestled underneath its shadow, half concealed away from me;

A cheek like moss-rose opening in the early summer's shower,
And lips two threads of coral from a naiad's haunted bower.

As I met her eyes, enchantment swept a vision through my brain;
Dipped the sun behind the mountains, golden-tinging all the plain;
And a dream I wove together, such a one as has its birth
When we lie down in the summer on the lap of mother earth,
See the argosies go windward, down the purple of the sky,
And the white-capped waves cerulean like a comber tossing high.

When the evening curtains dropping, wove a tinge
of purple hue,
When the arrows of the sunset shot the red
among the blue,
Such a form stood close beside me, and with mag-
ical control,
Hushed the murmuring of voices for the confer-
ence of soul;
Like a zephyr stirred the drapery of her partly
loosened vest,
And a wealth of raven tresses rose and fell upon
her breast.

Deepened in the heavy shadows, spread the night
her somber pall,
Stirred our child within its cradle, winged the
beetle round the wall,

Still our soul its vigil keeping, saw the sunlight
waxing old,
And we walked along the future, treading down
the sands of gold;
On the far off lonely mountains winter whispered
through the trees,
Darkness strode his sable charger, and the mist
rolled off the seas.

Then the vision vanished, changing, as an angel
spreads its wings;
Midnight fled, and rosy sunlight laid its blush on
earthly things.
Through the trail of flowing curtains faces peered
into the night,
Dancing shadows swept the casement, ruddy
glared the fireside light,

And a face 'mid ringlets glowing, laid a cheek beside my own,
Came a tear on drooping lashes, and a voice that whispered "Home."

As the rose-bud 'mong its sisters, as the dew upon the spray,
When the wild bee from the meadow scents the clover far away,
As soft wind o'er wavy grasses, as rain on fallen flowers,
Was she when sorrow entered at our lowly cottage bowers;
She was sunshine in my darkness, all that e'er was child or wife,
And I loved her more than heaven—round her centered all my life.

Once more the wizard vision vanished off, and I
was old,
And another stood beside me when the vesper
hour was tolled,
With white arms my neck entwining, and a face
of childish truth
Bending o'er my wrinkled forehead with the ten-
derness of youth:
Golden link between my spirit and the spirit from
me flown
Upon soft and snow-white pinions, leaving deso-
late our home.

Woke I then, and all around me lay the barren
stony street,
Trodden down by weary mortals, with their hol-
low-sounding feet,

High above me glared the sun's rays, scorching
in upon my brain,
And the world of weary travellers met me face
to face again;
Cold the phantom passed before me, floated off
into the sky,
Like the cloud-wave of the heavens, with a
comber tossing high.

THE DESERTER.

O! HAD he perished on the field of battle,
His own good sword grasped firmly in his hand,
When 'mid the cannon's shock and musket's rattle,
To death rode down the corps in his command,
I had not wept, though cold I knew the morrow
Would find him stiff'ning 'mong the heaps of slain;

O! that were joy: would God that I might borrow
Such sweet relief for this o'erwhelming pain!

I knew him wild, a bold and daring rover,
But I had hope: he was my only son,
And I, like him, had been a recreant lover,
And my youth's deeds an evil name had won:
And when we parted, though my eyes were streaming,
I said farewell, and wiped away the tear:
You go, my boy, your early life redeeming;
And loud I answered back their parting cheer.

O! had some lance from those wild, charging Norsemen
Pierced that boy's heart; and he beneath the heel

Of the mad troop of fast-pursuing horsemen,
Been trodden down by gory hoofs of steel;
Then had my honor known no dark pollution,
His hero fate my soul's wound would assuage;
But O! to meet his death by execution,
O'erflows the anguish-cup of my old age!

I see it now, that cold gray misty morning,
When 'neath the ramparts they had dug his grave;
In hollow square I see the soldiers forming
Round that proud boy, the bravest of the brave;
I see the ships, firm anchored in the offing,
The booming gun rolls echoing from the sea;
With folded arms he kneels upon his coffin,
The smoke curls off, and naught remains to me.

O! he was bold, and 'mid the thickest danger,
With scornful lip and flashing eagle eye,
Forward he pressed, to thought of fear a stranger;
O! my brave boy, why wast thou doomed to die?
Cold o'er thy head the stormy billows dashing,
Thy grave low-leveled with that sea-girt strand;
Would this old heart, with bitter struggles lashing,
Lay calm as thine beneath that ocean sand!

"IN MEMORIAM."

BHURTAPOOR, Hindostan, 1853.

As from some overlooking height,
The traveler's native vale appears,
Unaltered in the lapse of years,
O friend, I live with thee to-night.

On that old bridge of rough gray stone,
With thee, six years ago, I stood;
I was bound off upon the flood,
And knew that thou must dwell alone.

The hour drew near when we should part;
I looked into thy mild blue eye,
And though the watery fount was dry,
I knew the tears were at thy heart.

The creaking blocks, the grating chain,
The sailors working in the shrouds,
The noisy wharf, the gathering crowds,
And then thy sorrowing look again.

The water lapped the vessel's bow,
The mist rolled in from off the sea,
She grated harshly 'gainst the quay;
I saw the trouble on thy brow.

I saw sink down into the deep
The lighthouse and the distant town,
The cold, gray fort, the houses brown,
And then passed off the deck to weep.

All night about the rudder bands
The swollen water dashed and roared,
The yards were braced, the hawsers stowered,
And piped on deck were all the hands.

At morn, the coast-wind blowing hard,
The bark before a press of sail,
The wind just o'er our quarter rail,
The courses drenched unto the yard.

Then long drear months of listless life,
The wide blue deep, the floating sedge,
The sail on the horizon's edge,
The game of cards, the chess-board strife:

At last the sailors' shout of land,
The pilot-boat from off the shore,
The shrieking mew, the breakers' roar,
The long white line of gleaming sand.

The bamboo town, the stately palms,
The old stockade of stakes and turf,
The Indian wading through the surf,
The captain carried in his arms.

O friend! my heart is full to-night;
The pale moon comes from off the sea,
The wind shakes the magnolia-tree,
The earth sleeps calm in silver light.

Once more I see the bridge of stone,
Where, six years past, with thee I stood;
The ship slow swinging to the flood,
And thou amid thy grief alone!